

'SELECT VARIETY

On our way back to Ayr, we called to see the tower and nieces of Burns—Mrs. Beggs and her daughters—who we had been assured were most readily accessible to visitors. The visit was altogether the most interesting and gratifying event of the day. Mrs. Beggs lives in a simple but charming little rose-embowered cottage, about a mile from her birth-place, where all who seek her with respectful interest, receive a courteous and cordial welcome. Mrs. Beggs is now about eighty years of age, but looks scarcely above sixty, and

worse more than the remains of remarkable beauty. Her smile could hardly have been sweeter or her eyes more expressive. Her slight figure and moderately sized unimpaired features, her manners, her modest and ladylike, yet her conversing with rare intelligence and animation, speaking with a slight, but Scottish accent. Her likeness to Nemirth's mother was so striking, that the two sisters are so curiously like the idea we have of him, both in features and description—large, dark, lustrous, and glowing. Those eyes shone with new brightness and told of our love for the memory of her beloved father. Her hair was dark and glossy, and she honored for his free and manly spirit—which I did her for the New World, as the Old, bowed to the mastery of his genius, and were swayed to the same stars by the wondrous witchery of his intellect. But we were not alone. A young man, a monument, and said, "What a joy it would have been to him could he have foreseen such a noble recognition of his greatness!" she smiled musingly, and then she shook her head, saying, "Ah, madam, in a proud parent's eyes, the child is always the

of such a thing?" then added that his death-
nurse was darkened and his death agony deep-
ened by want, and care, and torturing fears for the
Mrs. Bezza says that Nesmith's portrait of her
father is the best, but that no picture could have
no full justice to the kindling and varying ex-
pression of his face. In her daughters, who are
all of them interesting as women, you find a
strong familiar resemblance to the poet. The three
daughters of Burns are yet living—two are at Dumfries.
All three are widowers. When I saw her, Mrs.
Bezza was expecting daily the two youngest—the
youngest of the three, a girl, who is now a
poetess as tenderly as proudly the memory of their
father.

In June last, along with the ladies who accom-
panied us through Europe, we enjoyed a similar
trip. The same impressions of the poet's life and
comprehensions that what was most respectfully in-
vited might be regarded as intrusive. But the
moment the "dash-string" of the "rose-embower"

the cottage, or such a small, lowly dwelling, as the poor people of the country would choose to inhabit. The cottage, however, was situated in a beautiful spot, and the surrounding country was fertile and well cultivated. The cottage was built of stone, and was a simple, but comfortable dwelling. The interior was well furnished, and the atmosphere was pleasant. The cottage was surrounded by a garden, and there were several trees in the yard. The cottage was a good example of a simple, but comfortable dwelling in the country.

Where Mingo's mother drowned her soul, it was a
 sailors would, in return for their pleasure, which
 these objects offered them, cheaply to contribute
 to their own independent. The present
 proprietor of these grounds, (to which the gen-
 eral of Burns has imparted even increasing inter-
 est,) who purchased them on speculation, is denig-
 rating a handsome estate, and is anxious to con-
 tribute to the immortal hand, ought to in-
 crease to those who were dear to him, instead of going
 to a stranger.

House Planting in Winter.

"What is the reason that my plants do not grow
 as well as Mrs. Jones's? I am sure I take a great
 more pains with them, and water, and nurse,
 and air them, but all will not do; they are weak,
 tender, sickly, and some of my best plants have
 died." Mrs. Jones seems to take very little care
 of hers, and yet they grow and bloom beauti-
 fully."

This would be for aid and advice, which has

been made, it is not the truth, is more than plants are actually unable to death. Care and attention bestowed on plants, *which they do not need*, is worse than no care at all. It is knowing just what to do and doing that, and no more, that gives some people a reputation for being a late winter remarker, and there are two great points to be attended to; first, to let your plant suffer by neglect; and second, to let it make them suffer by interference. We would class the requisites for good treatment, as follows:

1. Plenty of light.
2. A due supply of water.
3. Proper temperature.

Fresh air, cleanliness, and good soil, are obligatory requirements, and are most likely to be neglected the three first named plants, and we shall therefore add a few additional remarks under each head.

1. *Light*.—Plants cannot by any possibility have too much of this. The stand should therefore face the window, and be placed as near to it as practicable.

les; and the winn low sho't be broad, as little ob-
structed by over trees the nature of the case will
admit. But rapidly growing plants require
most light; hence should be placed more directly
under the window.

2.—*Water*.—This must be given according to the
circumstances. A plant in nearly a dormant state
needs very little—those in a rapidly growing con-
dition require considerable quantities. It is better to
water less frequently, yet more slowly, than to water
often, yet less slowly. But they will fear a
greater supply if in a strong light. It must be re-
membered as a standing rule, that dormant plants
may remain comparatively in the dark, and with-
out water; growing ones should have a good
supply of both light and water. But it must not be for-
gotten that green-house plants generally are near-
ly dormant during winter, and the soil must there-
fore be kept but moderately moist, as the plants in
this condition do not require much water. In
this condition they escape directly by evaporation.
Drainage, by filling one-fifth of each pot with char-
coal, is of importance.

Temperature.—An increase of temperature beyond 60° is injurious to those causes together, are more than they can endure. A cool room, never as low as freezing, is best. From 50 to 55 degrees is much better than 65 to 70, the ordinary temperature of living rooms.

Fertilizers.—The foliage with tepid water, to wash off whatever dust accumulate, is of use; and the admission of fresh air, when their is no danger of chilling or freezing the foliage, should not be neglected.—*Alamy Cultivator*.

INDIAN SUMMER.—When the Summer heats are passed, and as the autumn rainbows have faded, when the trees stand up gaunt and brown, and the beach and rocks are all of a ghastly dingy yellowish, blanched white, when the gentle morning glow has almost forgotten in the harsh winds and rugged vapors of November, then comes the Indian Summer. Born of our climate, the crossness of our soil, it is one of the most seasons strong in color, but very short of nature, and brighter

with a smile. The heavens are one sheet of soft
mistiness, the hill tops shade their outlines, and
the forest steep their masses. The lake is seen
but the front of it is a gauzy shimmer, and the
woods are one gauzy glimmer. In the woods the
patter pitter upon the dry leaves with a sound so
like that of a Summer shower, that you involun-
tarily look up between the tops of the trees to
see only light and air. But you see only the light
and glimmer. The moonlight mingles with this deli-
cate mist, as with a kindred element. In fact, the
mist is the Indian Summer's glow, and the moon-
light and sunshine, as it were a medium, re-
flects it.

Then what gorgeous clouds flame the skies of
autumn! How their gold and crimson and
blues over the imperious peaks of the painted
deserts! How the eagles have caught their col-
ours. How that glory, and that glory from these col-
ours. You might well suppose that the eagles of
America were displayed with the most striking
effect in the spickled West.

Alfred B. Street.